

Spirit of the Age.

BY E. A. KIMBALL.

"Freedom of Inquiry and the Power of the People."

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Apprentice at the Cabinet Business, one who can
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Woodstock, March 1, 1847. 355-11

Poetry.

YOUNG SPRING IS COMING.

"Old Winter" is going away, alas!
How icy and cold he's been,
But a pretty young maid he'll meet in his track,
And she'll court him and smile till he turns his back;
For she'll frighten him off with a wonderful knock;
This maiden will soon be seen.

This pretty young maiden whose name is Spring,
Is full of mirth and gladness,
She causes the birds to stretch their wing,
And the leaves to put out under which they sing,
And opens the buds the flowers to bring—
A sweet little maid is she.

"Young Spring is a frolicsome girl, I wot,
Too full of her fun for me,"
Said Winter, "she steals the clothes from my back
And causes the streams to prison to crack,
And drives up the paths and the slippery track—
So romping and playful is she."

Young Spring comes on with a beautiful grace,
But not very shy is she,
For she cracks her jokes in old Winter's face,
And kisses his cheek as he flies apace,
While she melts the tears in his sturdy face—
A pert young lass is she.

She brings the latest fashions along—
A gay little miss is she;
She passes amid the admiring throng,
And touches the loveliest notes of song;
But gay as she is, she's never thought wrong,
For she's cloth'd in nature's array.

This sweet little girl—when she travels forth—
Is full of mirth and gladness,
The folks all leave their winter hoariness,
And sail forth with a cheerful laugh,
For she strews pretty flowers along their path—
And a beautiful girl is she.

This Spring is a coqueting girl, I fear,
For her lovers are many, I see,
She kisses their cheeks and dries up their tears,
And makes an end of their chilling fears,
While they pour in their love to her listening ears—
But engaged to be married is she!

Young Spring intends, when old Winter's afar,
Young Summer's wife to be;
Was there ever wedded so pretty a pair!
For he is so rich and she is so fair!
And a joyous wedding they'll prepare,
And there's an invitation for me.

THE RANGER'S BURIAL.

BY R. M. KLAFF.

Comrade, hither bring the spade;
Let the Ranger's grave be made
Here, within the mountain's shade,
Fanned in Spanish story;
Fold the flag about his breast,
E'en the flag he fancied best,
Freedom's white star of the west,
Honor's bed is glory.

Yesterday he said to me,
"Yonder flag, that shines a-lee,"
Comrades, comrades, thus said he,
While the stars twinkled;
"Gentle hands in secret wove—
E'en the hands of her I love!"
(There lies his horse above,
With his blood besprinkled.)

And he said, "Tell them all,
Should I the contest fall,
Yonder flag shall be my pall,
Woven so fairly."
Lift him gently, comrades brave;
Give him what the west may crave,
E'en the soldier's noble grave,
Purchase'd so dearly!

Miscellaneous.

From the N. O. Delta.

The Two Valentines.

Or, Dulecetta Browne and Sally Brown.

A single grain of sand may decide the fate of an empire, a tiny goat drive an elephant to madness, and a little, insignificant letter cause that steamship which never like a Norwegian mailboat. We read of a Persian conqueror, who, just on the eve of battle, had a grain of sand blown into his eye—he rubbed the optic, irritation ensued, fever took place, and he died. His successor, who could not hold a candle to him, and being without a very wicked man, lost the confidence of the soldiers, was ignominiously defeated, taken prisoner, and woke up one morning minus his head. A fly gets into the ear of an elephant—the sensation at first is very pleasant, and he flaps his huge ears in the same manner that a blacksmith dusts his leather apron. Anon he finds that there may be even too much of a good thing, and by a gentle snort intimates a desire that the fly should keep quiet—Finding himself not obeyed, he gets into a terrible rage, and in a futile attempt to tear up a large tree, breaks one of his ivory—the lock-jaw ensues, and he dies. Three thousand years afterwards, his skeleton is found in Alabama, with one tusk here and the other there. In the course of time a city springs up, and from the feet of two loose tusks being found on the original site, men christen it Tuscaloosa.

Cadmus, like other distinguished men, was much addicted to notches and Pyrron springs. A Horace Greeley sort of personage, who lived entirely on lentils and learning. Like Silas Wright, he was seldom wrong; and one day, while amusing himself in his garden, with a sword for a spade, he planted a crop of letters, merely by way of experiment. What was his surprise, one fine morning, to find himself saluted by a well-drilled volunteer regiment! It's a positive fact—There they were, dressed in a marshal costume somewhat between that of the Phœnician archers and the Eoniskillen dragoons. We hope the "powers that be" at Washington will study horticulture, and plant some of the same kind of seed, as it will be very useful in raising the 'ten regiment bill. Cadmus, however, has nothing to do with the dumpy Miss Browne with the 'n, nor the elegant Miss Browne with the 'e.

The sweet Dulecetta Browne has just turned eighteen years and nineteen suitors—away. One of heaven's Canovass must have moulded her exquisite form, and the roses of Eden lent her crimson blushes to her cheeks. Her hair, dark as night, woven into a million of glossy threads, falls in rich clusters from her queenly brow; butterflies mistake her lips for crimson flowers, and the very moths are attracted by the brightness of her flashes from her diamond eyes. When she goes to church, the bricks kiss her little feet with their broad, red mouths, and grey flag stones rise up to bless her. It was at church that Gabriel Grotius, Esp. saw her, and on the first glance he was wildly in love. To the responses in the Litany he replied by gasps, and accompanied the closing hymn with

"Still so gently o'er me stealing."

Arriving at his legal den, he clutched an odd volume of Shelly's poems, and read until his face became red, and then he fell asleep and dreamed of angels, otto of roses, seats in Congress, thirty thousand dollars, and the enchanting lady whose name he did not know. When he awoke a bright idea struck him, and he resolved to express his passion by writing his adored one a Valentine.

So much for Dulecetta Browne and Gabriel Grotius.

Now, it came to pass that Mike Maynooth was a very handy chap at dusting desks, sweeping floors, and making fires. Mike was a tight, Irish lad of some thirty years of age, and prided himself greatly on his knowledge of the law and the prophets. But lately his cheek had lost its bloom, his frolicsome eye its brilliancy, and his appearance had become so changed, that a horse-jockey companion of his intimated that he was going off in a galloping consumption. Mike was in love with the maid of the queenly Dulecetta—Miss Sally Brown. The image of this dumpy darling was as heavy on poor Mike's soft heart as a four-pound weight on a full blown poppy. Sally was a blue-eyed, cherry-cheeked, fat lass of about twenty years of age; and to use Mike's own expression, "her lips would tempt the devil, and ye might light yer pipe by the blaze of her eyes."

Last Saturday morning, Gabriel Grotius, came to his office earlier than usual, and found his factotum busily engaged in cleaning the room. "Mike," said Grotius, in an anguished voice, "what's the matter with you? You look sick."

"Ah, sir," answered Mike, with a deep sigh, "the devil o' me knows. I believe that I've got the disease the chickens have at Mike."

"The pips, sir—a gradual sinkin' o' the limbs, a weakness all over, an' a sensation approachin' to death affter males. It's nearly over wid me, sir; no conscience tells me I'm not long for this world."

"Mike, you're in love. There, don't start—shut the door, and then unshoon yourself to me. Ah, Mike, I too am a victim."

"A victim! ay it was but a victim that I was, I'd snap my fingers at it. It's me that's the martyr at the stake—me feelin' as dead, an' my heart is roasin' alive at the present miment. Oh, Mither Grotius, yer acquainted with Blackstone, Coke, that thair o' the world odd Eden, an' the rise o' the common-lawyers—till me what's to be done."

"Write to her, Mike—write a Valentine."

"An' what's a—what did ye call it, sir?"

"A Valentine—that is, a love letter—a billet doux—a—"

"Stop where ye are, sir, for there's the coal, an' the candles, an' the washer-woman's bill due now. Don't be extravagant, or ye'll not have enough to give me a decent funeral, an' by this an' by that, I swear, that unless my mind is satisfied that I'll have a wake affter my burial, did an inch will I die at all at all."

"Mike, hold yer tongue; go across to Morgan's, and get me the handsomest envelop you can find."

"An' aint I a handsome invalid, sir?"

"Envelop, you nunsull—a delicious, elegant covering for a rose-scented avowal of my ardent passion for the adorable Miss Browne!"

"Whist, he aisy now—don't make me commit murder! What was the last word that lapped like Satan's lovelest imp out o' yer dirty mouth?"

"Put down the poker, Mike, or I'll call for assistance. I spoke of Miss Browne, who lives in the house with a garden before it, just back o' the house."

"A house wid a garden! Oh, ye blood-thirsty wolf, I'll strangle ye! Ye've been courtin' me own daughter, she lives there! Ye've got but two minutes by the clock to live."

"But, Mike, a moment—how do you spell her name?"

"Spell her name, I will! Be, be—arr, a, o, o, coule-you, w, n, n, n—Browne?"

"Mike, I knew it was a mistake. The lady to whom I am a slave is named Browne also, but it's Browne with an 'e'."

"Browne with an 'e'—this she's a Brown!"

"No, no, she's a aristocratic, and all the Brown aristocracy attach the vowel mentioned to the end of their names."

"Forgive me, Mither Grotius; I'll get the envelops in a jiffy, and I'll take the two letters an' put em under the sill o' the door, for fare ye accint."

"What do you mean by two letters?"

"What do I mean? Sure, it's my Brown that's the sarviot o' ver Brown; an' so ye see we can kill two stoner wid one bird!"

In high spirits Mike started off, and in a few moments returned with the envelops. Grotius kissed his amatory epistle a thousand times; and Mike, drawing from his bosom a square, indigo-colored package of foolscap, wished that his "loveliest" was big enough to lug.

"What's that, Mike?"

"It's an epistle to my Brown, sir, an' I want you to put it under the kiver o' an invisible soap."

"That I'll do with pleasure—but be sure, you do not mix them. What's the name of your lady-love?"

"Oh, it's no matter for that; she's partly brown with a first name—as fat as butter, as fair as a lily, an' as frolicsome as a two-year old cow. What's the first name o' yer Brown?"

"Mike, I'm like yourself—I don't know; but here are the Valentines—be careful, and I'll give you a new coat."

"Careful! I haven't I the apple of my eye to guard, an' do ye think I'd be sapin' on my post? Oh, but it's the joyful news I'll bring to ye—news that'll set the thoughts playin' on your heart like the fingers of a lady touchin' up an old Irish tune on the harp."

The fair Dulecetta was seated in her chamber, when her maid, the plump Miss Sally, entered, blushing like a red cabbage. Handing the lovely girl a letter, she whispered in her ear, she says he'll give three traps at the garden-gate to-night, me 'n' me, and with a trembling hand, she broke the seal and read—

"Sweet Darling!—I'm dyin' wid love for you. Me buzum is all on fire for to make ye mine, an' I'll dye a disolate man ay ye don't listen to my state, Darlin' love, I'll be at the garden-gate at one o'clock to-night in the mornin'."

Now-Arlanes, Feb. fourteen, 1847.

"New-Arlanes? I said Dulecetta—a low, ignorant fellow, to dare write me such a letter!" The proud beauty's eye flashed with fire, and she burst into tears. Not so with Miss Sally, who by dint of spelling managed to make out that the person who wrote to her intimated that she was loverless than the loveliest—with the form of an hour and the soul of an angel—that her lips were living rubies, her neck a column of pearl, and that one glance from her eye was more precious than the mines of Golconda. This rapturous letter filled Miss Sally's heart with some very indefinite ideas of jewellers' shops and fancy balls; but, recollecting that the writer solicited an interview, she having not the slightest objection, proceeded to adorn herself in her best bib and tucker.

Night came, and at the hour appointed Mike was at the garden-gate, looking very much as 'tho' he was going to commit a burglary. Having taken a number of nips at the whiskey bottle, by way of bracing himself to declare his passion, his pains were rather unsteady, and an occasional hiccough betrayed his presence. Dulecetta, and her brother, who were on the balcony, observed him, and in a few moments poor Mike's fate was decided. Instead of the soft, warm hand of his lovely Sally, he felt the sting of a whip about his ears. Turning around, he gave his assailant a "lick back," that floored him—the watchman came up, Mike struck right and left, and shouted fire, murder, and bigamy, but to no effect. Yesterday morning, the Recorder sang out, "Michael Maynooth, and an individual with a nose swelled to the size of an egg-plum, and a pair of eyes in deep mourning, slowly rose up."

"Maynooth, what were you doing last night?"

"Faith, yer anner, it's myself that don't know; I believe I was a little drunk!"

"You may go by paying your jail fees."

Mike thanked his anner, and went out muttering, "The 'a's have made me mighty uneasy. I suppose I gave the Brown wid the 'e,' the leather beautiful aint that's 'done brown' this time. As soon as me eyes get the swelling out, I'll go off to Kamschatta or Cornwall, the devil I care which for me, nosp is dilapidated and me heart is broke!"

Senator Allen—A Spice of Romance.

A Washington correspondent of the *Louisville Democrat*, gives the following romantic incident connected with the history of Senator Allen of Ohio:

"After a short and severe illness, Mrs. Allen, wife of Senator Allen of Ohio, departed this life about half past 10 A. M. to day. Mrs. Allen was a lady of plain, unassuming manners, and of retiring habits. Her loss will be severely felt by her surviving partner, who was very warmly devoted to her; and who, during her hours of sickness, clung around her bedside with a heart overcharged with sorrow. There is some little romance associated with the marriage of Mr. Allen, which accounts, in some measure, for the more than usual grief of a widower. Allen, as you well know, emigrated from North Carolina to Ohio. He was a saddler, and worked at his trade for some years in the latter State. When he ran for Congress, in 1833, he had been a representative in the legislature, and exhibited remarkable powers of eloquence upon the stump. He was, however, poor, and you know what a damnable cliche it is to be poor."

"To be poor, and look poor, is the devil all over."

Allen courted his now deceased wife, and was rejected, not by her, but by her father, who could not see what a mechanic wanted with his daughter. This occurred while Allen was in the legislature, and may by a circumstance like many others in a man's life, that settles his destiny forever. It appeared that Allen, from that moment, was determined to shine in the world. Every energy was exerted, and every discussion in the legislature but raised him higher in the estimation of the people. The man who forbade him his house became a candidate for the House of Representatives, and immediately upon his heels, young and vigorous came Allen. He traversed the whole district, and made speeches at every cross road.

His competitor had the advantage of the district—being a Whig—but he had neither the talent nor the address of the poor saddler. Allen was elected—He had got the better of his political opponent, but he, in turn, had married his daughter to some one else. It was still a glorious triumph, and Allen held up his head, and went on, relying solely upon an honest advocacy of the people's rights for advancement and honor. Tom Fawcett's term in the Senate expired in 1837, and the young man determined upon taking Allen up as their candidate for the successorship. The struggle came on, and the Democrats, who had succeeded in obtaining a majority in the Legislature, combined their strength upon Allen, and elected him. In 1837, the poor saddler, who was denied the hand of a woman because her father did not think him rich enough, will have served two terms in the Senate of the United States, from the third largest State in the Union. But what gives a better conclusion to our story is, that the lady, after being married to another for some time, lost her husband by death, she subsequently received the addresses of her first lover, who had experienced no abatement in his warmth of devotion, and finally accepted his offer of marriage. They had lived some few years in the greatest happiness, seldom being separated, and always preferring to reap pleasure in the noiseless circle of the fireside, where the pride, fame and flattery of the world are exchanged for the true, warm and just sentiments of the heart—Who cannot shed a tear of pity over such a death?

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